

Pulse

The Psychedelic Furs

My baby paints herself red
She paints her hair
Her hair is dead
She's living in the city
With the bodies that scream

We are all Jesus
We all dream
See the dancer in there reeling
Paint the sky upon the ceiling

Four useless gods upon a day
So blinded by the filth on Sunday
Saying the words for the idiots
You are miracle drivell

Optical sewer
Listens to the flowers fall
Paint the words upon the wall

This is the pulse of fools like you
Who sound so red and turn so blue
The sound of uselessness in summer
The war is over if you want

See the dancer see me reeling
Paint the sea upon the ceiling

Pulse
My baby paints herself red
She paints her hair
Her hair is dead

She's living in the city
With the bodies that scream
We are all Jesus
We all dream

See the dancer see me reeling
Paint the sky upon the ceiling

That's pulse